

What Have I Done?

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Category: Hamtaro

Genre: Drama, Mystery

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-09-15 23:19:16

Updated: 2012-09-15 23:19:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:53:31

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 675

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: I did it. It was my fault. I found humor in the situation. I cant believe i did something so vile and found pleasure in it. What have I done?

What Have I Done?

I just heard that someone really close to me got violated and I justâ€¦ writing is how I vent.

â€¦

I-I was the school sweetheart.

The girl who could do no wrong.

I couldn't hurt a fly. Let alone another human being.

I had felt it. Felt the throbbing pain of hurt. My vision blurred and had gone red. I had held my temples and I was trying to avoid the physical contact. Trying to avoid what had happened right in front of my eyes. What had happened by my own hands. What I had consciously done to physically harm another person.

Where had all my self-control gone? Why did I let it get so far?

I let the chilly silver cuffs clasp around my wrists and crystal teardrops fell from my closed eyes.

"She didn't mean it! She was provoked!"

"Noâ€¦ I wasn't. Just stop before it gets worse. Ok?" I mumbled silencing my friend.

My heartbeat slowed to defined harsh thuds against the inside of my chest. My stomach was practically dragging on the floor. I was sick with myself. What did I do? I know what I did. I knew what I was

doing while I was doing it.

Feeling the blood hardening and becoming crustier on my knuckles, I sobbed harder. I couldn't believe what I had let it come to.

Yes. Yes, he was mine. Yes, we were dating. Yes, I loved him. Yes. I would do all in my power to protect his heart and soul and mind.

So now what was I doing? Breaking and hurting all three at the same time.

I shook my head. Wishing I could take it all back. Whishing I had never done the things that I had. What was wrong with me?

I stumbled to the floor and cried out as hands roughly dragged me back up and pushed me forward to make me walk.

"â€|you have the right to remain silent." Great. I hurt someone and then I go off and ignore an officer. I truly was despicable.

Don't hate me, I silently begged him as we passed and looked into those beautiful eyes, please don't hate me. I did it for you.

I couldn't believe that I had done something so vile. I felt my lip curl in disgust as I caught sight of myself in a window. My shirt and skirt covered in scarlet blood fading into a darker less attractive color. Well, I had done it. There was no going back.

I had punched her in the nose.

I had punched her in the temple.

I had watched her fall limply to the ground, unconscious.

I had smiled when I saw the blood that had covered me. Her blood.

I had thought she deserved it.

I had thought it was unavoidable.

I had called her a nasty name.

I had caused damage.

I had caused physical harm on my own account and purposely.

I had done the crime and now I had to pay the time.

'Public disturbance' I believe some one had called it. Among other charges.

"\_Why did you choose a prissy rich girl like her? You could have had me." She had asked. Brushing her hand up his leg as he gave her a weird look. A look of disgust.\_

"\_In case you haven't noticed, you're rich too." I had sneered.\_

"\_Yeah but at least \_Im \_attractive."\_ \_She declared reaching over to turn his head, and proceeded to kiss him.\_

\_I snarled and dragged her out of her seat by her hair and gave her a right hook. Then a left. I had \_laughed\_. \_

How had I found humor in that situation?

I sighed and ducked into the cop car.

Why on earth did I punch Sparkle for putting her hands on Hamtaro?

â€|

Wow. I feel loooooaaaaads better! Thanks for reading. I hope it was enjoyable. In case you didn't figure it out or notice, it was from Bijous perspective. Yes, yes. Sweet innocent little Bijou Ribon punched the despicable Sparkle.

>SandyxMaxwell4ever signing off!<p>

End  
file.